

Kind

by yume girl 91

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Summary: She's always there to 'fix' him even when the others don't notice. YamazakixChizuru #15 from the 64-Damn

Prompts

Kind

Prompt.15: Kind

It wasn't like him to think anything deficient about his commanders.

He delivered messages, spied when asked and above all was the perfect shadow, a secret operative.

"Ah! Yamazaki-san!"

Yet they never truly seemed to notice him.

There was always a bright spot to the dark lining.

He turned in his passage down the shadowed hallway. Yukimura-kun was carrying a small bucket of empty Sake bottles. "You're hurt!" the girl admonished. Whether it was the limp in his silent step or a scent of blood beneath his yukata, Chizuru had discerned the hidden wound; a knife toss from a drunken Son'no-joi in Shimabara. He had barely given a thought to it when delivering his report but once the tension of the moment had broken, the pain had resurged dully.

"C'mon, you can't let these things get out of hand!" Yukimura continued determinedly, shifting her hold on the bucket and with the other (surprisingly) latching a hold of his sleeve and tugging urgently. "I'll fix you up in no time!"

Maybe it simply came from being the daughter of a doctor_ - her

sudden bossiness.

...

"It is nothing much." Downplaying wounds had always worked with anyone but the girl.

He had sighed heavily after she had given him a knowing, exasperated look. With quiet force making him go to her room, she had procured a few medical supplies and then simply sat, waiting. Finally he averted his gaze, stiffly parting the tie on the light green yukata, revealing the white strips tied carelessly around his middle. The darker red splotched in the center of the white brought a frown to her lips.

With practiced care, she reached tentatively, "may I?"

He half-nodded, wincing when she pulled the makeshift bandages away. Chizuru hissed softly, her eyes filling with concern. "You're lucky it didn't go any deeper, Yamazaki-san! Honestly! What were you thinking not getting this treated sooner?"

"It didn't hinder me in my duties." he murmured flatly, studiously watching the light play of the lamplight rather than her expression. Chizuru sighed and the sound of swishing liquid came as she dipped the clean cloth in, wringing the excess off before dabbing the crusted red from around the central gash. Susumu felt the surprising need to explain to her. "In the scheme of things, my one life is..m-meaningless. If I fall, no one-" _need remember me_.

She cut him off with an upset huff. "I understand. But _you_ have importance, Yamazaki-san! To _me_ and-"

He had not been expecting that. "You?"

Chizuru instantly colored, fumbling to cover up. "Ah -ah, hai, I- I mean to everyone! Kondou-san, Hijikata-san and..." her voice dropped off. "Just please..._promise me_.you'll take care of yourself."

"Yukimura..."

Time seemed to stretch for a limitless frame.

"Yukimura, I-"

"Promise." she whispered with sudden vehemence, intensity burning in her brown-eyed gaze. He held it briefly then half-heartedly smiled, just a quirk of lips that had barely known a joyous smile. Her naivety was endearing as it was almost painful. The world around them was far too dangerous and unsafe for a soul like hers to exist. Susumu felt a rare wish then to be able to protect her light, the same kind of burning desire he felt to serve the Shinsengumi to the utmost of his ability.

"I...will try."

The girl lost her hesitant shyness then and smiled a little at his acquiescence. "Let me take care of that.." and she took up the medicinal compound in its tiny bamboo case, soft bandages at the

ready. He started at the sensitive touch of her fingertips, smoothing the pungent pomade along the cleansed wound.

"I apologize if it hurts anymore, Yamazaki-san."

He schooled his fast racing heart to be still, her ministrations would soon be over.

...

"Thank you." The fitful light of the flickering oil lamp barely cast enough illumination. Had it been brighter, she would've been witness to a rare moment when Susumu Yamazaki's suppressed emotions were allowed to surface. A light blush decorated his face.

Chizuru set aside the damp cloth, frowning slightly. "For what?"

Though she belittled herself and what she did for them, Susumu appreciated her kindness no matter her oni-blood made her to others, less than human. Bearing that thought in mind, he did something he almost never did: initiate contact with another.

Chizuru's brown eyes widened when he leaned in close, laying a hand on her shoulder and pressing his lips lightly to her forehead.

"Y-Y-Yamazaki-s-san?" she questioned, stammering, her face was growing very warm.

"Shhhh."

For caring, he thought.

-fin-

Disclaimer: don't own HSK

AN: Happy birthday, Ten-chan!

.=; sorry it's not up to my usual standards.

No flames!

Reviews loved

End
file.